THE HUNTRESS.

Education—The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty.—Jefferson.

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THE HUNTRESS

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BY

MRS. ANNA BOTTAS,

At the corner of North B. and Third St. Capitol Hill.

SELECTED TALES.

THE MAN THAT KILLED A SPIRIT.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

By Florence M'carthy.

Yis—ye may laugh, but it's truth I'm telling yees—I seen a man that killed a spirit! And it's often and often I heared him tell the story himself on my own father's flure. Och, by this and by that! there's not a word of a lie in it, and the man that did it was Tom Malloy. May be yees wouldn't mind him, for he was an ould man and laid under the green sod, whin I was but a bit of a thing, not far past seventeen, and that's many a long year agone,—but this was the way of it.

Ye see Tom Malloy was once young, and troth, by all accounts, there wasn't a wilder divil in the whole kingdom. Thim was wild times to be sure, and it was rather a credit than the contrair, to be up to all kinds of divilitry; and so Tom Malloy wouldn't be behind the best, that is the worst, in all the pranks and diversions that was setting forrard. If there was a fight at a fair, sure Tom was in the thick of it, laying about wid his thorn stick, and bating the world before him. If there was a race or a fox-hunt in the country, oh, who but Tom, to be sure, must ride the crack horse, or folly on wid the hounds. Och! he was the nate rider and the powerful: there wasn't the horse in all Ireland, and after that av coorse ye may say in all the world, that he'd be afeared to back. It was always a great strife among the gentry, which of 'em should get Tom to ride for 'em, for he was sure to win the race. And thin he had such a pleasant turn, and could sing all sorts of songs, jist to suit the 'casion, wid a voice that was clear as a black-bird's, and he was so full of his jokes and his puns, that he was always a great favorite wid the wild young jantlemen, who used to come all the way from Dublin and other furren parts in the sporting saison. More was the pity for Tom, for he grew mighty concaited, and larned all their bad ways to the back of his own; not contint wid the drinking and fightin' which kem to him naturally along wid his mother's milk, he took to bettin' and cursin' and speakn' free and disrespectful of the clargy: and left off mindin' his duties intirely, and may be wouldn't hear mass from year's ind to year's ind,—and indeed he couldn't be worse if he'd been a lord or a marquis itself.

Well, things wint on in this way for one while, and no harm kem to Tom Malloy. He was the gayest bachelor going, and for all his bad carackter nivir wanted a partner at a dance. It wasn't one, but twenty girls would have given their eyes for him; but he only divarted himself wid their schamings, purtending to be dying in love wid one or the other of 'em and not a word did he spake from his heart all the while. Well! well! there's many like Tom Malloy, and may be, 'twould be for their health to take warnin' by what happened him. His turn kem at last and, contrairy-like, what must he do but fall in love in real arnest wid the only girl in the country that wouldn't look at him! Mary Delany was the purtiest as well as the best girl in thim parts, as indeed she had the good right to be, seeing the priest was her mother's own brother. All her people were dacent, and well to do, and her father, old Murtough Delany, was a mug man, and had laid up something in bank as a portion for Mary when she'd marry:—she was all the child he had, and his heart was full of her only. It wasn't a likly thing that Murtough Delany would be consinting to the suit of sich a ne'er do-well as Tom Malloy, and it only shewed how set up he was in his own concait to dhrame of the thing for a moment.

But dhrame of it he did, sleepin' and wakin', and it wasn't long before he tould the same to Mary herself. Well, if he thought Tom only axin' and havin' Mary showed him the diffin, and altho' the color kem and wint in her face, and she spoke very mild and gentle, her words were not plasin' to Tom Malloy, for she tould him nivir to think of her more, or mintion his love agin, for that frinds was all they could ever be to each other. Well, to be sure, Tom was in a terrible takin', and if it had been his life he was pladin' for he couldn't have said or done more. The words kem warm from his heart that time, and he looked so tindherly at her wid his handsome black eyes, and the tones of his voice were so soft and beguiling, that altogether it might have melted a harder heart nor Mary Delany's. May be she left it too,—but if she did she nivir let on to Tom, but said the same as before, only that her voice trimbled a little, and her cheek grew white as a snow-drop—and whin Tom would know the raison why, she tould him truly that 'twas all along of his bad carackter, and how it would break her father's heart if she should think to marry the likes of him; and that her uncle the priest had warned her agin him time out of mind, and wouldn't be by no means plased at her keepin' his company that long even, and wid these words she bid him good night, and turned away very short, so that he couldn't see the large tears that were standin' in her eyes.

The black despair was wid Tom Malloy thin,—he was struck to the heart, and stud looking after Mary till she turned the corner, widout as much as raising his little finger, and whin he had got the last look of her, he started like a man out of a dhrame, and walked away like mad, nivir minding the road at all, but goin' thro' fields and bogs—and down by the ditch—any way, jist as it come. And so he got at last to the public,—troth, it came so nat'ral to him, that he could have gone there in his sleep,—and what does he do but walks into the place and calls for raal stuff, nothing less than the potsheen itself would starve his turn. Och! but the sound of his voice gave Mrs. Murphy a'fright: and whin she handed him the drink he glared upon her like a tiger, and clutched, not the glass, plase ye' but the whole canteen; and faix: but he nivir tuk it from his lips still he had wally'd the last dhrop.

Well, he set it down with a thunderin' thump, and says he, '*Biddy Murphy?* if harm come to this night, it's Mary Delany that's done it,' and wid than out of the house wid him, as if the whole world was at his heels, and wouldn't stop for all that could be said.—and it Hallowe'en too, of all nights in the year. Sure they bawled after him as lovd as they could bawl, and tould h m he was sartin to be deluded wid the fairies, if nothing worse should come of it. Oach, they might have saved their breath, for he was past minding since if an angel had spoke it. He just turned about wid an awful look, and says he.

'There's a worse divil in my own heart than I'll meet the night.

And thin he was off again before any one could stop him; and the way he wint was straight out of the town off to the moor, where the ould stones lay—a place where the haythins used to worship in the in the ansient ould times, before St Pathrick (blessed be his name!) druv thim out of it. Troth at any time of the year it was bad to be there afther nightfall—but a Hallowe'en night? the boldest and the best might be afeared to vinture, and no shame to him. It would have taken all father maguire's Latin, and the bishop's to the back of that, to have made a clear way thro' the spirits of all sorts that kem there of randyvoos, that's to say, an assimbling place, where they met to exult over their misdoings, the black-hearted thieves? and conthrive new mischiefs and bedivilments for the destruction of sowls and bodies. And into the middle of thim walked Tom Malloy wid all his ignorance and his sins, and not even a good thought as a purtection. The moon was at a full but she wouldn't be shining down bright and clear on sich a company, so she only glimmered out a pale beam or two now and thin, through the heavy black clouds frightened like to see what they were doin', and av course there was't much like to be by—Tom Malloy could see filling the air all about him, horrid ould witches and ghosts widout any flesh on their bones, pintin' their long fingers at him, and grinnin' wid all their might, by way of showin how glad they wor to see him, and there on the very top of the heap of stones stud the awfullest spirit he ever seed or heared of! May be it wasn't Satan himself, but 'twas his own twin brother. Tom shuk as if he'd the aguy, and his hair stud out straight from his head, and he thry'd hard to remember a prayer, but the divil a bit power nivir him thin, and not the laste holy word would come into his mind, nothing but oaths and curses, sich as suited the place he was in,—so out he r—bbed wid the biggist he knew, and indeed there wasn't many could bate him at that, wid whativir the spirits, and witches and divils heared him a swearin' at 'em, they fell to laughin' and roarin' wid fun, and shouted out his name, "Tom Malloy for ivir!" and 'you'll be one of us, Tom!' just as if 'twas a mimber they wor makin, him. And some peeped into his face wid great eyes that burned like coals, and some pinched him all over wid their red hot fingers, and more whispered in his ears their wicked invintions till he felt their fiery breath scorchin, him up. But nothing come up to the rejoicins of the spirit on the top of the stones: he kicked out his long legs, that wor crooked, for all the world like raping hooks, wid great claws at the ind of 'em, and held the two sides of him jist as if he'd be afeared of breakin' in two; and as soon as he got breath to spake:

'Arrah, Tom, darlint,' says he, 'you're the boy I'm looking for,—and only say some more of thim purty words, if ye dare, and I'll be wid ye for ivir, dear.'

Well, Tom's blood was up at that, to be sure, and so he shuk his fist at the spirit, and says he. 'Do ye dare me, you ould villain! here's for you, thin!'—and out they come as fast as he could spake—och, but I wouldn't for more nor I could mintion, tell you the laste of 'em!

Well, thin there was a greater noise than ivir; and the spirit on the top of the stones laughed out so loud that the heap trimbled undher him, and many of the great stones that had stud there since the flood, rattled down as if there were an earthquake.

'I'm wid you now, Tom Molloy,' says the spirit, wid the howl of a wolf, and one jump brought him upon Tom's shoulders, where he set like a mountain of lead, clutching him round the neck, till he was like to choke him. Thin all the rest of the gang jined hands and danced round 'em by the light of blue fires that started up out of the ground, and the dridful laughter begun agin. It wasn't anything like Christian fun or jollity; the most piercin'st cry of grief was a joyful sound in comparison! And Tom jined in, overcome wid madness and terror, and roared and screamed till all power left him, and he sunk down on the ground and never knew no more that night.

Whin he come to his sinses next morning, he was all alone on the bare moor, and the great heap of stones standing by the side of him, jist as if nothing at all had happened—and Tom thought in his own mind, 'twas bad dhrames he'd been havin'; but he hadn't that comfort long, for whin he stud on his feet and thought to go home a trimblin' tuk him, and he felt a dead weight on his shonlders, and he knew the spirit was wid him jist as it had said. He walked off as fast as he could wid such a load, but his heart a most died widin him, for all the while the spirit did be whisperin' in his ear all sorts of aggravatin' things; and betimes it would bring round its ugly face, right forenenst his own, wid a look of triumph that made Tom amost ragin' mad.

From that out the spirit nivir left him. Night an' day it was by him in some shape or other, temptin', tasin' and mockin' of him, till he was most worn out wid the misery. Betimes 'twould be a black dog strokin' close to his skirts, and fearin him wid its horrid snarls; and when he'd get beside himself like, and go to strike him down wid his stick, the divil a bit would it stir for all he could do, and down would go the stick right thro' it, and there'd be the black dog to the good, shewin, its great teeth and laughin' ready to burst, as if 'twas the best joke in life. Thin it would be struttin' before him in the likeness of a big ould turkey-cock, makin' Tom bile over most wid the conceited ways it tuk on itself. And so that was the way it wint on, takin' the form o' some ugly bird or baste, and more often wearin' its own hateful looks, which was hardest of all to bear, so that Tom hadn't no pace in life, but guv himself up intirely.

Och, but it was a pity of him! he that was the most light-hearted, free-spoken boy in the country, and so handsome and brisk, to be brought to such a pass! Every body was sorry for Tom Malloy, for wid all his faults he had got a hoult of people's hearts. Ye see there was nivir no maneness about Tom, and he'd go thro' fire and water to sarve a frind, so the whole country tuk part wid him, and put the whole blame of his trouble on Mary Delany. Poor crathur, she didn't need that to add to her distresh; for she was soft-hearted enough by natur, and whin she see the way Tom Malloy was in, it amost fretted the life out of her.

And so days and weeks and months passed on, and Tom Malloy got thinner and thinner, and his face hadn't the latse bit of color, and his eyes that wor once so bright and sunk deep in his head, widont any light in 'em. Most people thought he wasn't far from his ind, and the talk ran thro, the country, that if he should die that way, it wasn't his body only, but his precious sowl that the spirit would fly wid. Mary Delany heared this said, for there's always plinty of folds to tell cruel things widout mindin' one's feelings at all: and it hurther more nor all the rest. She couldn't sleep nor take the laste rest for thinkin' of the strait the poor boy was in, al bekase of his love for her, and her grief wore here down the more, that she had to keep it all to herself, and so from thinkin' so tindherly of him, and accusing herself as the cause of his misfortin, she came to love him wid all her heart. Well, she was sitin' one morning all by herself, very sad like, just doin' nothidg at all, and the big drops rowling down her cheeks like rain, whin the door opened and in come ould Molly Malone, the wise woman, and she tuk a good look at Mary as if she'd see right into her mind, and says she:

"It's thinkin of Tom Malloy, you're now Mary Delany, and whin it's amost too late, its the best blood of your heart you'd give to make him asy agin.

Mary guv a start at hearin' her very thoughts spoken, but she knew it was no use to try and hide the truth from the wise woman, so she owned it all to her, and axed, could she give her an charm that would free Tom Malloy from the spirit. It wasn't asy to refuse Mary anything when the tears stud in her blue eyes and so ould Molly up and told her that there was just the chance for Tom Malloy and that was to kill the spirit wid one stroke of a black-handled knife—only one, mind ye—druv right into the middle of its sinful heart, and left stickin' there be sure, on the spirit would come back to life, stronger nor ivir. And she tould her beside, that would be in so holy place that Tom would have to go, where he'd have power to fix the spirit right down forenenst him, and thin if he did't put a strong heart and a steady hand till it, twould be no use in life to attempt it, twould be no use in life to attempt it, for if he missed, he'd be in a worser condition nor he was before. So that was all ould Molly would say, but there was nivir nobody so glad as mary, she blessed her agin and agin; and pet he own brain new meriny shawl on her shoulders, besides making her a compliment of tay, enough to keep the crathur for months; and as soon as ivir the wise woman had turned her back, Mary was off to look for a black-handed knife. It was long or she found one exact to her mind but she got it at last, and thin she nivir reated till she come to the place where Tom Malloy was all alone wid his sorrow.

He was sittin' under an ould thorn tree that grew by itself on the common, a good piece from the town, wid his eyes cast on the ground, and no sign of life in him, except just now and thin, when he'd give a

WASHINGTON CITY

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1843

THE GLOBE—ANOTHER HUMBUG.

The Editors of the Globe in this city are getting up another humbug, as a cause of war, with England. Having spent three or four years in vain attempting to raise a row with England—they are striving at a new case for excitement. How much vanity these men must have* to suppose they can make people believe they hold supreme power—that they have all the *sense*, all the *forethought*, all the *virtue* and *patriotism*—in the U. S. if not in the world. Acting as dictators, not only to the government, but to the people of the Republic, thrusting themselves forward, between our government, and other governments, with whom we are not only at *peace* but our paramount interest to remain so: Their bold assertions of matters and things that never had an existance, and the *lofty* "position", they assume in disregarding the acts and opinions of the ablest Statesmen and wisest Deplomatists, saying in *effect* "Ye are all senseless knaves, we are the true salt of the earth, the only pure *D*emocracy and ye ought to obey us."

One would think shame itself of appearing so ridiculous would check their arrogance. But their thirst for unlimited power, blinds them to shame.

This is not Democracy, it is the impudence of *D*emagogues; and only found in the *Benton* portion of the Democracy. Like master, like man. They can praise themselves without a blush, and dare old Nick at "sundries" &c., &c.,

To make themselves look *big* they claim all the DEMOCRACY, all the VIRTUE and *knowledge* and ALL the *right* to command. But the honest *D*emocrats have found them out and have dissolved partnership for which they are called "traitors" let it be so, they are not traitors to the people! The working men, and all, begin to see the palavet of the Globe for years, turns out to be "Congress—printing" and printing for the departments That he the mighty friend of the poor-man, and the work-man, should give them so many *fine words*, and take all the benefit of their votes, by which the editor Mr. B. lives "like a *Prince*" (while we are poorer than ever) and looks upon, it as his inheritance—a mere family income, amounting to a trifle of about fifty to sixty thousand dollars per ann. (as prices charged, show) they begin to see that the Globe gentlemen are no better than other people, and if they vote for him again we are greatly mistaken who ever votes for Mr. VanBuren, votes for the Globe: the honest portion of the Democracy never did, nor never will sanction the extravagance of this ruling party, in fact they were kepted in ignorance of the most of it. This was evident when they were brought up in Congress.

Editors who would attempt to disabuse the public ear were brow beaten, and called every thing but honest. We repeat that men who take all these things upon themselves, are intolerant usurpers.

Well but what would they get by a war with England?" They would get nothing nor have they any wish for war. It is a mere electioneering humbug to get the vote of the Irish, who hate the *E*nglish, and some of them may be simple enough to think they could take London, shoot the Queen, and all the nobles, which have done Ireland so much injury. Not a doubt but many of them would consent to set sail for England to-morrow provided the Globe man would take command of the squadron, such is their confidence in Mr. Blair. But here is an extract of the war exciting matter from the Globe, copied from "the English government paper called the Standard."

'Whale fishery in the Pacific:—We have frequently called attention to the surprising circumstances of this great trade being almost monopolized by the shipowners of the United States, and it cannot be repeated too often that they employ 650 ships (193,000 tons) & 16,000 men. Nor is it merely confined to this. The shallows which surround our newly-adopted settlements of New Zealand are the breeding-grounds of the fish; which should be preserved with as much care and jealousy as the best game-preserve in Great *B*ritain. No fisherman of one nation should be allowed to kill a whale there, but this is the favorite resort of vessels from America, Bremen, Hamburgh, and Havre. It is impossible to too strongly impress upon the board of trade, upon the Lords of the Admiralty, the importance of protecting it.

This will perhaps turn out like Hon. H. S. "Fox" the British minister and Baltimore Sun. (The Sun used to be a great help to the Globe before it turned Tylerman) viz: when the Benton gentlemen were ill with the *Boundery* fever every two or three days, the *Sun* would say "the British minister we understand has demanded his passport."

Again "Mr. Fox Esq, has wrote home to be recalled."

Next. "We understand the British minister, Hon. H. S. Fox Esq, has sent on to engage a passage, &c. &c." meantime, there was not a word of truth in the whole of it.

There is little danger of any interruption to the Whale Fishery, in the direction mentioned. Should any be offered, our yank-boys will give 'em Jessee.

THE NEXT SPEAKER.

'The Pittsburg Post recommends the *H*on William Wilkins, member of *C*ongress from the Pittsburg district, as a suitable person for Speaker of the next House of Representatives.'

Though this Post-man is no doubt an ultra *L*ocofoco he may overate the orthodoxy of Judge W. He is a very good man, and has as much information, and experience as most man, and if he were suffered to have his own way, he would appoint judicious committees. High party fervor ought never to distinguish a statesman they ought to see with a single eye:

We are somewhat interested in some of the committees; and pray heaven we may never have another *B*lue skin upon ANY Committee that has anything to do with *Justice* and *humanity*.

ASTOUNDING!!!

Here is a *Clay* paper sprung up in the night as it were, without giving even a minutes warning—in our very city! And without having the fear of the Globe, or Madisonian before their eyes boldly Advocate HENRY CLAY for the Presidency of the United States.

Just after our paper had gone to press, our *Evil one* stalks into our sanctum with a "boy's a newspaper Mr.———told me to give to)_("———the first intelligence we had of the matter.

The name of the paper is "the WHIG STANDARD," and published *daily* at 3 o'clock, at *ten cents* per week, and two cents the single copy, By *John T. Towers. Office corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Tenth street* Washington City. It is a beautiful paper with an appropriate head—viz: a female figure in rich drapery, holding aloft the out-spread Standard of the United States—in her left hand, and caressing an *E*agle—with the right—the Eagle hovering close to her side. There is much grace and beauty in the design. The Editorial is clear, and strong.

Now comes the "Tug of War" nor should we be surprised, if the Belligerents made friends and unite against the "Common Enemy" a favorite phrase of modern times to express love and respect for the "dear people." The paper in size is somewhat larger than the Huntress. This must have created quite a surprise!

THE RICHMOND STAR.

The *M*amoth has reached us more beautiful than ever. Where in the world does our Streeter find "sich" beautiful paper, so white, sosmooth, and fine. It exceeds anything we ever saw of the Newspaper kind.

Some say he is going to alter the head—enlarge &c. Oh! for goodness sake do not, thou light of my eyes, it is, just the thing—as it is large papers are unhandy, and as for the *H*ead.

It is a treat to look at it. The happiness—the innocence, and calm independence depict in the countenance of the noble farmer, while he surveys the bountiful reward of his labor, as he rests upon the lusty sheavs of wheat, surrounded by teeming plenty and every rural beauty what can be finer?

But we set out to condole with our brother of the Star, for our mutual loss in Gen. Hewitt of the *C*apitol. We too are sorely grieved for the loss.

"We weep and mourn;
"For him that's gone,
"Who was our chiefest fancy,
"The other day, he sailed (or rode) "away,
"And parted with his Nancy,

This is no fiction, Nancy being a name we answered to many years.

But seriously, it is rather a disgrace to Washington that a man of Gen. *H.*'s fine talents should be neglected as we fear he is, for we never had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

The *C*apitol however is still published, and in great demand. Which is the reason, we editors do not get one. There is quite a rush for it the moment it is off the Press.

☞ WHAT HAS BECOME OF POP EMMONS.—The great *Johnson* enthusiast? Aye what has become of all the soft-soapers the wheedlers who made splendid fortunes under the popularity of his name? Their voice cool praise (which a high minded man disdains,) is faintly heard, now that he is a Nominee for the Presidency every Cycophant Skulks.

"Oh! his name madam, his name is every thing, with the working men." Ah! then both were deceived Col. Johnson and his friends, to serve a heartless set without honor or honesty! They knew more about "Sandstone intrigue and stuffed Cravats &c. &c. who stoped the pensions; and spent millions on Sandstone?

☞ TREASURY DEPARTMENT. ☜

Our visit to the Treasury building last Saturday, we are sorry to say is unavoidably postponed till next week: But it will be all the better, we have good news to tell, when it does come—of business, dispatch order &c. we have never seen anything like it before.

To pinch the upper lip to prevent sneezing is said to be one of the sublime discoveries of this remarkable era.

PRETTY WELL.—A gentleman poking his nose into the second tier, a few nights ago, when Wallack was playing to a wretchedly thin house—the consequence of some tremendous attractions elsewhere—asked of a friend, who was laying off in five or six boxes at once, 'What is the play, *M*—?'

'The Road to Ruin, I believe.'

'Faith, I thought so, the moment I looked at the boxes. 'Let's go and take a horn of Johnson's superexcelent champagne brandy, in the saloon.'

This invitation was complied with, and the two friends left, after their drink, without taking checks.

'Give me a check, sir? please do give me your check, sir? asked a half dozens ragged newboys, gathering round and blocking up the passage.

"Go to thunder!" replied the gentleman, in a breath—we are dead heads.'

The boys vanished like "imperfect speakers" in Macbeth.

Have a cab sir?—ride up sir?—take you up for half a dollor gentleman.'

"No, no! I tell you we are newspaper scribblers.

This announcement scattered the cabmen even sooner than the newboys. Your true scribbler is a lucky man. His proverbial poverty secures him against all the seductions and temptations of the metropolis, through which he marches untainted. Who would be green enough to try to 'make anything' of a newspaper scribbler? That would be a better joke than the one we had just recorded.

A young lady intending to put no her slippers, slipped down and showed her ankle.

We heard an old bachelor the other night mutter over in his sleep the following truthful and poetical lines:

'Oft in the stilly night
When slumbers chains have bound me,
I feel the hungry bite
Of something crawling round me.'

ABSENCE OF MIND.'—Cases have been frequent.—A gentleman in Portland, connected with the Transcript office, intending to shave himself for Sunday, lathered his own face and shaved his wife. She is in a fair way to recover.

Military Tactics Among the Ladies.—Some ladies of Providence having recently been imprisoned for disobeying the militia law of Rhode Island, a meeting of the sex was called to consult what was to done ie regard to the arresting of women for 'military offices.' They resolved that they go armed and equipped as the law directs, and that a committe of two women be appointed to wait on Quarter *M*aster General Ames, and request a sufficient number of muskets to equip ourselves, and that a committee of four women be appointed to find a suitable we to teach them military tactics, that they may suffer no more arrests on account of ignorance.

Attemppted Assasination.—Mr. W. W Williams of Burlington, Iowa, when about retiring to bed on the evening of the 27th. ult. was fired at by some unknown villain who had secreted himself under Mr. William's bed two pistol balls passing along his arm and through the folds of his shirt, without inflicting a wound. The assasin fled, and managed to escape before Williams recovered from the alarm.

THE METROPOLIS,

Pennsylvania avenue, between 3d and 4 1-2 Sts.

GRATEFUL for the liberal and unprecedented patronage bestowed on this Establishment the undersigned takes this opportunity of assuring his friends and the public that no effort will be spearing on his part to disserve its continuance. His Bar is furnished with the choicest Wines and Liquors that can be obtained, and his Larder exhibits all the choicest varieties of the market. His servants having been regularly trained to their business, will be found polite and attentive to all orders. Connected with the establishment, are two private Parlors, where dinners, suppers, &c. can be served up at the shortest notice. He keeps on hand, during the season, Terrapins, Canvass Back Ducks, Partridges, Venison, and, in fact, every delicacy. The various kinds of fancy beverages, such as Julaps, Cobblers, &c. are served up in a new and improved style. Cigars, of the choicest brands, and the best Cavendish tobacco, are kept for the accomodation of customers

25 tf ANDREW JINKINS.

HELP TO PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.—Being a series of calculations, showing the quantity of paper required for any given number of signatures in bookwork, and the number of tokens embraced therein; carried out to an extent embracing the largest jobs. Also, containing similar tables for job work bills, labels, duplicates of bookwork, &c. By Samuel N. Dickinson, 1 volume, of 240 pages price due one $1-dollar, twenty-five cents.

TAYLOR

* Once for all, we neither now, nor at any other time, exclude Mr. Rieves. He does *not* write for the Globe, nor has he anything what ever to do with the paper. He is only the financier of the concern, and one of the best men living. Good-natured and honest as day, it is to his uprightness, in a great measure, that the Globe-paper has had a most unparelleled success.

But there are, or was, many writers for the Globe. And though we are often forced to name Mr. Blair—the only ostensible Editor—in terms of reproof, yet we have not the least personal ill will against Mr. B. who is friendly on his part, and politics a part, is fair and honest, and of respectable origin.

But, it is the cabal, the Demagogues a knot of aspirants who have robbed the country of great sums of money under various pretences, defrauded the orphan and the widow without any pretence; by which cause they aimed to silence the people forever!!!

THE MAN THAT KILLED A SPIRIT. AN IRISH LEGEND. BY FLORENCE MCCARTHY. CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.—DEM. REVIEW.

sigh from the very bottom of his heart which tould more nor words could, of the throuble he was in, and he nivir seen marry till she had come close up to him, and wished him a kind good evening. At the sound of her sweet voice, he riz up her eyes to her face, and his own flushed up wid surprise and joy, whin he seen the look of pity and tinderness she cast upon him; but he did't spake nothing only mournfully at her to see what she would say. So thin she tould him all that the wise woman said and she handled him the black knife, and begged him for the love of his body and sowl try to kill the spirit. But he shook his head, and says he;

'Mary, 'its no use, 'twill be well for me whin my body lis quiet and still' and for my sowl I've no power to strive in any good now, Mary.

And thin he grew white as the wall agin, and his eyes opened wide, wid a sort of fright, for ye see the spirit was at him grinnin, and pointin, and striving, to come between him and mary. Tom Malloy seed it, but Marry didn'tis she only see the way Tom Malloy was in, and she wouldn't be put back from what her heart was bent upon, so she sat down beside him, and tuk his hand in hers, and says she:

Tom Malloy, if you can't strive for your own sake, won't you for mine—my heart will break if you don't get quit of that bad spirit.

And the tears come to her eyes and she couldn't say no more for a minit, only just looked up in his face beseeching like. Well, Tom felt new life come into him at her words, and the spirit disappeared whiles ivir he looked on Mary, for ye see he innocence and goodness druv it off the ground for the time—it was next to having the priest himself to the fore—and so Tom tould her, and, says he,

Only give me hope, Mary, that if ivir I get quit of the spirit, you'll look on me as you do now, and I'll dare anything to please you.

Mary didn't say nothing to that, for she would't make him down hearted by denyin, him the hope and so she only smiled very kind and gentle, and her smile soothed him more nor all she had said, and he tuk the black-handled knife and tould her he was ready that minit to do whatever she'd bid him, if twas to kill twenty spirits let alone one. So thin Mary counselled him to go that very night to the ould Abbey, where monks used to be long ago, for av coorse that would be holy ground, and she bid him get as nigh as he conld to the stone crass, that was standin there may be a thousand years or more, and to keep a strong heart agin the spirit. and nivir to heed its timptins or tormentins; and so she parted Tom Malloy, wishing him all manner of luck and her heart's blessin on his endeavior.

Well, the minit she left the place, back comes the spirit upon Tom wid more spite nor ivir, and he thought it would go near to kill him wid its ragins, thin it almost broke his heart wid its sneers and its scoffins, strivin to set him agin mary, and hissin in his ear just like a snake, that 'twas makin game of him she was, and putting all manner of doubts and misgivins into his mind; but he nivir answered a word, only struv to keep to the thoughts of mary's sweet face and kina worns until nightfall, and thin he wint off just as she had tould him to the ould Abbey. Och, thin, all that the spirit had ivir done agin Tom afore, was light compared wid the scourgins it guv him all the way there: but he kep up his courage by thinking of Mary, and he felt himself get stronger and stronger the more he resisted the spirit. So at last he kem to the Abbey, and walked right into it, nivir mind all that the spirit did to hinder him. And he kem up as close as ivir he could to the ould stone crass, the light of the moon kem thro' where the roof used to be—for it was all fallin, to decay—and showed him the spot, just as plain as day-light itself, so whin ivir he got there, he bid the spirit, with a strong voice, get down forenenst him. And sure enough, down wint the ugly thing right afore his face, lookin, up at him wid a look might have frightened a saint, not to minton a poor man. Troth 'twould be past all invintion to describe the horrid sights the spirit put up on Tom, to distract his mind and divart the stroke from the right spot, but Tom nivir tuk his eyes for a minit, and he lifted up the knife wid all his strength, and druv it right down into the middle of the black heart of the spirit, that was dartin' out flames and serpents and stings.

'Strike me agin, Tom Malloy?' said the spirit wid a screech might have riz the dead.

"Faith, ould divil, you don't come over me that way!' said Tom, for if he had struck him agin, ye know, the spirit would have had power to come back to life, and be a hauntin, of Tom for ivir.

'Och bad manners to you, Tom Malloy, you've did for me now!' screeched out the spirit agin, and wid that there riz up a storm beyant anything Tom had ivir seen before—sure he dreaded that the ould Abbey would fall down wid the shakin it got;—and thin such horrid screechin and groanin began, that Tom just stopped up his ears and shut his eyes tight, to wait—may be not more nor a minit had gone when he felt the soft wind of summer passin scrass him, coolin, his burnin head; and whin he opened his eyes, there was the bright moon shining down on him light in the ould ruins, wid the ivy crepin about em' look a dale purtier than the big new church down in the town, nate as its.

Well, Tom Malloy was happy as a king. He was quit of the spirit, and he felt more light-hearted nor a bird, and so before he wint out of the Abbey, he looked all around to see was there any sign of the spirit in if, but nothin, at all could he see, only just one drop of black blood on the spot where the thing had stud. So Tom wint out of the Abbey wid a grateful heart—and whin he passed the door what should he see just a step or two beyant, but a figure kneelin wid her hands clapsed; and the moonbeams that wor shinnin on her beautiful face, showed him twas none other than Mary Delany herself and whinivr she seen Tom comin out sheriz up to meet him. but her her heart was too full to spake. Well, may be he didn't step forrard in no time to comfort her wid the good news, and a pleasant walk they had home together by the light of the bright moon. And more nor that kem of it, for tho' Mary wouldn't promise to be his wife thin—for she wasn't the girl to give her father a heart scald by doin' what wouldn't be plain to him—such a change come over Tom, and he grew to be such a dacent, sober boy, that there wasn't the last fault to find wid him; and not many months afther that time, ould Murtough Delany, giv his consint and his blissin, and Tom Malloy married Mary. And it aint many a one's luck happier nor he was all his life afther, for if it was bad spirit he had killed afore, it was a good angel he had won to be his life.

Lines to the spring.

The following lines, apart from their taste and sweetness, posses an extraneous interest as the production of a little lady friend of ours, who has only just attained he tenth year.—Liverpool paper.

Come, come to the woods, the cuuko is here,
I hear her in younder tree;
O, come, she tells that I am near,
She is singing in praise of me.

Cold winter's black clouds have flown away.
At my bright touch they have gone;
I have broken his chains, and come to play,
With the waters, the flowers, and sun.

I've twined my bright garland o'er leafless trees,
That wave in the forest wide,
I've returned with the cool and fragrant breeze,
That ruffles the rippilng tide.

The summer is coming,—I go, I go,
Hark!—that is my parting knell·
O, see the mowers begin to mow,
I must say farewell, farewell!—

I have till'd the soil for the husbandman's hands,
The flowers at my touch have arisen.
I have bid them bloom in these charming lands'
And so may we bud inheaven! S. W

PERSEVERANCE
COFFEE HOUSE.

THE subscriber having taken the PERSEVERANCE COFFEE HOUSE, formerly occupied by John Hancock, a few doors south corner of 6th street and Pennsylvania Avenue, begs leave to inform the Public that his Bar is furnished with as good Spirituous Liquors Wine Porter Ale and Cider as in any other establishment in the city—and he intends keeping an regular supply of the best Oysters cook'd in every way and for private families.

WILLIAM BENTER.

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A new and splendid suit of type!
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The proprietors of this time honoured an universally popular family newspaper announce under this head we shall give Engraving he distinguished Naval and Military Commanders, and other eminent individuals of our country, accompanied with interesting Biographies of them. They will be alternated with copies of gems of American and European Masters, to present our numerous readers with the best pecimens of the Fine Ar

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WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL for YOUNG GENTLEMEN.—The subscribers having been induced to believe that, notwithstanding the numerous schools now in the city, a scholastic institue, which should offer to young gentlemen peculiar advantages for acquiring a knowledge at once sound and practical of the Latin, Greek, French, and Spanish languages, and whose advantages for instruccion in Mathematics and Belles Lettres, should be in and encouragement, have resolved to unite their energies and abilities in an effort to establish in Washington such an institution'

Of their qualificaitons for the complishment of such an enterprise, and of their competency to conduct a school of this character in all its departments, they would prefer that parents should judge from actual experiment and personal observation, rather than from any description of their own. To induce parents, then, to intrust to their care, for a limited time, their sons, or wards, with a view to the experiment alluded to, they have published a prospectus embracing a full view of their mode of instruction and discipline, of the course of studies to be pursued, and containing terms, testimonials.

To this prospectus, copies of which may be procured at Mr. Farnham's book store, they respectfully call the attention of parents, and beg leave only to state that period of nearly twenty years has elapsed since they completed their studies at their respective universities, and entered upon the duties of that profession in the practice of which they have been constantly engaged; that this office was originally assumed by them, not as a temporary measure, nor as a means of support while waiting or preparing for some other station, nor as a last resort after a failure in other projects or pursuits, but as their first and unbiassed choice: that it has since been their not because it presented to them faiter prospects for fame or emoluments than other vocations to which they have devoted their talents and acquirements, but simply because they prefered this profession to any other

ARNOLD. D. C
A. N GIRAULT, A.—
Washington, D. C. August 3, 18

A CARD:—The undersigned having under the firm of Johnson & Callan, opened an office of General Agency for the negotiation and transaction of such business as may be confided to them in this city, beg leave to offer to their friends and to the public their services in the sale or purchase of all kinds of real and personal property, corporation, bank, insurance, and other stocks, negotiation of claims and investment of money, collections of claims upon the several departments of Goverments, rents and dividends, bond bills and notes from abroad, payment of taxes for non-residents, settlement of estates, executing the duties of trustees, &c. &c. for a fair and resonable to commission-

their office, on F street, a few doors east of Messrs Corcoran & Riggs, where they may always be found during business hours.

The undersigned feel happy in the belief that to those who know, or who ever have known them, it unnecessary to their business will conducted upon principles of the strictest propriety in all respects, and that all moneys passing through their hands will be promptly remitted or otherwise disposed of according instructions.

LEWIS JOHNSON.
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By the former editor of the Saturday Evening Post and saturday Courier Combining the fruits of twenty years experience in the Newspaper business, the aid of the most distinguished newspaper writers to the, a valuable Foreign Correspondence, with troops of Literary friends and the determination to publish a Newspaper for all classes, which Shall not be surprised. philadelphia saturday Literary newspaper, neutral in politics opposed to quackery and devoted to the useful Arts. Education Morals, Health and Amusement.

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GRATEFUL for the liberal and unprecedented patronage bestowed on this Establishment the undersigned takes this opportunity of assuring his friends and the public that no effort will be spared on his part to disserve its continuance. His Bar is furnished with the choice at Wines and Liquors that can be obtained; and his Larder exhibits all the choicest varieties of the market. His servants having been regularly trained to their business, will be found polite and attentive to all orders. Connected with the establishment, are two private Parlors, where dinners, suppers, &c. can be served up at the shortest notice. He keeps on hand, during the season, Terrapins, Canvass Back Ducks, Partridges, Venison, and, in fact, every delicacy. The various kinds of fancy beverages, such as Julaps, Cobblers, &c. are served up in a new and improved style: Segars, of the choicest brands, and the best Cavindish tobacco, are kept for the accomodation of customers

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LEWIS JOHNSON
N. CALLAN Jr

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OF THE

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It will contain all the principal matter of the Tri-weekly Advocate, and will constitute a valuable paper for country residents—Professional men, Farmers, Mechanics, and private families.

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Passengers wishing to proceed direct to the West will take the morning train of cars from Washington at 6 o'clock for the Relay House where they can breakfast, and take the Western train for Hancock immediately afterwards.

For further information apply to Mr. STETTINIUS, Agent Balt. and Wash. Railroad.

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TAYLOR

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Direct to me at Georgetown, D. C.

WM. BRENT, Jr.

August 25th, 1843.

NEW GUIDE TO WASHINGTON.

By G. Watterston, Esq—The above work just published, with a frontispiece of the Statue of Washington by Greenough, and contains every thing relating to the history of Washington, and its progress and improvement since its origin to the citizen and stranger, and is a perfect guide to all its object of curiosity, and to every thing that a stranger would be desirous to make himself acquainted with, while a sojourner in it, or a resident abroad. Gives a true picture of Washington, though not a mere picture book—half its institutions, works of art, &c., are briefly but satisfactorily described. It sketches its usages customs manners, and religious and moral tone of its society—public buildings, literary, social, and other institutions—its location, the condition of the legal and medical professions, its growth and character o its resident population—gives an abstract of its municipal regulations, civi and criminal courts—duties of the principal executive officers of the General Government, of the committees of Congress, and a great variety of useful, local, and general information which a resident as well as a stranger would be pleased to possess. Among the descriptions of the societies which have been organized in Washington, are two at considerable length, and of great interest—one, of the National Institution, and the other the Society of Odd Fellows.

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feo 19 JOHN BROWN Proprietor.

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And retail:—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends, and the public generally, that he has commenced the above business at No. 6. east of Gadsby's Hotel. Having an experience of four or five years, and a thorough practical knowledge of the manufacture of Tobacco in all its varieties, it may confidently be expected that he will keep constantly on hand the most excellent articles, (and at uncommon low prices too,) in the Tobacco line, imported into this country. He hopes, by a devotedness to his business, to meet with encouragement from a generous public, whom it will be his greatest, desire to please. He has now in store, and for sale, the following choice brands of Tobacco, Cigars, and Snuff;

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President's Mixture	Rappee
Macaboy	Natchitoches
Congress	snuff Boxes of b,

N. B. The undersigned will do busines on the cash system, and consequently will be able to furnish goods at least 25 per cent. cheap per than any other establishment in the District. All goods sold by the subscriber aswarranted can be returned if not found to be what it is represented. W. H. WINTER.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S PLAIN AND FANCY SHOE STORE

Manufactured by James Jack.

The undersigned has opened a cheap and fashionable Shoe Store, on Penn. Avenu, nearly opposite Brown's Hotel, between Sixth and Seventh streets, where he will always keep on hand an assortment of Lady's and manufacture and materials, and of the most fashionable style. Among which are.

MEN'S fine seal, Morocco, and calf	boots
Do grain, Calf and Kip welted,	do.
Do coarse thick	do.
Do Brogans and Monroe	do.
Do pumps and Calf	shoes

BOYS Boots, Brogans, and dress shoes.

LADIES AND MISSES fine Calf, Seal, and Morocco walking do.

Do Do fine Kid and Gaiters.

All of which the undersigned will sell cheap

Apply as above. JAMES H. BIRCH.

MEDICAL STATISTICS OF THE U, SARMY.

Statistcal reports on the sickness and mortality of the Army of the United States, commited from the records of the Surgeon generals and Adjutant generals Offices, embracing a period of twenty years; from January, 1819 to January, 1839, Prepared under the directions of Thomas Lauson, D., Surgeon General—1 vol. octavo, with map; price one dollor—a few copies for sale by,

sep 14 F. TAYLOR.

PROSPECTUS

For publishing at the city of Washington a paper, entitled

THE CLARION,

Devoted to the Cause of the People, by WM. GREER.

FOR PRESIDENT—R. M. JOHNSON.

FOR V. PRESIDENT—LEVI WOODBURY

Entertaining as we do, the highest respect and most exalted confidence in LEVI WOODBURY, of New Hampshire, we, in obedience to the vote of the New York Convention, inscribe his name upon our banner for Vice President of the united States.—With the names of two such champions for our watchword we feel confident that Victory will be ours. In the name of the People we conquer.

The CLARION will contain a weekly summary of news, and of such other miscellaneous matter as will render it both entertaining and useful. It will be issued weekly; and if it shall meet with sufficient patronage to justify the undertaking, it will be published more frequently. Having already the promise of very extensive circulation, it will be a useful vehicle for divertisements.

Terms:—*Two dollars 50 per annum*—payable in *advance* *Washington, April, 1843.*

SHERWOOD FOR CHRONIC DISEASES

Of the class of Hypetrophy, including the forms of Scrofula, viz: Tubercula Consumption, Dyspepsia, Chronic Disease of the Liver of the Heart of the Spleen, of the Kidneys, of the Spine, White Swellings, Scrofulous Sore Eyes, Scald Head, King's Evil Leucorrhœa Chlorosis, Menorrhaga or Females Complaints.

These are but different modifications of the same disease, arising from the same cause, distinguished by the same diagnosis, and curable by the same remedies. Their common cause is an irregulat action of the Electro-Galvanic forces in the system—they may all be detected by presure upon the sides of the vertebra and glands of the neck, which elicits the Electro-magnetic remedies: The latter are accompanied by a compendious medical treatise, explaining the principles of the discovery upon which they are founded, stating the manner in which they are to be applied. In this work Dr. Sherwood demonstrates the fact that every part of the human body, together with every partical of animate and inanimate matter either in negeative or positive state of electro and that every motion, in all matter, whether in the this universal principle. The morbid act of which produces disease of the organs or limbs seems to be occasioned by the undue preponderance of one of these forces in the system are his remedies restore health by subduing this irregular action to an equilibrium. By this means the very seeds of the disease are eradicated, and a permanent cure effected. even cases where all hope of relief from other sources is abandoned. The Electro-Magnetic remedies are the only preparations applicable to this prevailing class of diseases and they never disappoint the confidence reposed in them, they symptoms of the class of diseases twhich these are applicable can be discovered under their directions contained in the work which accompanies it, without the aid of a physician, and can be used with perfect safety and success without dieting or inconvenience.

FRESH GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS,

For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at

J. F. CALLAN'S

Drug Store, Corner of E and 7

WASHINGTON CITY:

Among which may be found the following

Artichoke, Asparagus, Beans, various kinds, Beets, every variety; Brussels Sprouts, Broccoli, Collards, Cabbage, many sorts. Carrots do. do. Cauliflowers, late and early, Celery white and red, Chervil, or Salad, Corn Salad Cress or Pepper Grass; Cucumber, late and early; Corn, early, prolific, and sweet; Egg Plant, white and purple; Endive Curled, Kale all the best sorts; Melons and Cantelopes—Nasturtium; Okra, excellent for Soups; Onions, white, red and silver, Parsley, plain and curled; Parsnip, large, Peas, extra early, and late, Pepper, Squash and other, Pumpkins, Premium, Radishes, many sorts, Rhubarb for Tarts Salsify or Vegetable Oyster—Spinage found and quickly—Squash, every variety, Tomato, the finest kind; Turnip, all the best sorts, Onion Sets, &c. &c.

Splendid Flower seeds, Bulbous Roots Dahlias, &c. &c.

☞ These seeds are put up in small and convenient parcels, and are warranted true and genuine. The Roots, (particularly the Dahlias, are of the most beautiful description, comprising all the varieties, and will be sold at the new ork prices.

ACCOMMODATION.

On and after Monday next, the 14th instant the hours of departure of the steamboat PHŒNIX will until further notice be as follows, viz:

Leave Alexandria at 8. 10, half, past 2 and half past 4, o'clock, for Washington.

Leave Washington at 9, 11; half, past 3, and half past 5 o'clock, for Alexandria.

Leave Alexandria for Georgetown at 12 o'clock.

Leave Georgetown for Alexandria at 1 o'clock,

dr 8—pa JAMES GUY Jr, Captain.

FARMERS' HOTEL,—Corner of eighth & D streets, Washington, By Owen Connolly. Good accommodations for One Hundred head of Horses.

Books, Stationery, Doctor's bill, and branches of education not embraced in the above, such as other languages' music, &c. will be separate charges. In these, competent teachers will be employed, when desired.